The Crafty FARMER of *Norfolk*:

Or, The Subtle *DOCTOR.*

Being a new pleasant Way, invented for the Cure of a Great Belly.

To the Tune of, *The Plowman's Health.*

THERE was a rich Farmer that had a fair Maid,
and used to lie with her, as it is said;
The Damsel was lovely, and gentle, and mild;
so yielding, the Farmer got her with Child;
But after the Farmer had done this same Deed,
alas! his poor Heart then did almost bleed.

This Man was oppress with strange Grief and Fear,
mistrusting his Wife would soon of it hear;
The Damsel she likewise did sigh, sob and groan,
and to her kind Master made often Moan:
Therefore farther Mischiefs that he might prevent,
unto a poor Neighbour of his he went.

He told him, ten Pounds in his Hands he would give,
and be his best Friend too while he did live,
If he would consent for to finish this Strife,
and take this same Damsel to be his Wife:
The young Man was crafty, and straitway reply'd,
your Suit (my dear Neighbour) must be deny'd.

The Farmer then went to a Man he knew well,
a Doctor that hard by his House did dwell,
And what had befel him he presently told,
and promis'd him likewise ten Pounds in Gold,
If he would but end this same Business and Strife,
and by some neat Trick could but blind his Wife.

The Doctor he bid him go home to his Wife,
and tell her he surely shall lose his Life;
That there is no Hope, but he quickly must die,
if she will not seek out some Remedy:
Then bid her to carry your Water to me,
and some of my Skill she shall quickly see.

I'll make the poor Woman believe what I please,
(I'll make her believe the Moon's made of Cheese)
I'll shew her such Skill as before ne'er was shewn,
if you will be still, and let her alone:
I'll tell her there was an Eclipse that was strange,
that forc'd even Nature her Course to change.

I'll tell her that *Mars* was by *Venus* beguil'd,
and by a conjunction you got with Child;
Then she will be strangely surpriz'd at this Tale,
I'll warrant you, she will look quickly pale;
I'll bring it about, that I'll give you content:
so home to his House this same Farmer went.

Dear Wife, quoth the Farmer, I feel deadly Pains
all over my Body, my Back, and my Reins:
Dear Husband, she answer'd, you know I can tell
a Doctor that quickly can make you well;
Then let me go and carry your Water To-day,
and hear what the Doctor will kindly say.

Away to the Doctor she hies her apace,
and carries the Water in a chrystal case,
Relates that her Husband is wondrous sick,
so very ill, he can't eat a Bit of chick;
Ways-heart, quoth the Doctor, (but yet he spoke mild)
thy Husband is certainly got with child.

With child, quoth the Woman! pray how can that be?
I'll tell you, but Neighbour pray mark quoth he:
When *Luna* was lately within the Eclipse,
your Husband and you it seems joined Lips,
And by that conjunction it fell to be so,
that thy very Husband with Child doth go.

But mark me, good Woman, what must be done;
provide him a Supper before Set of Sun;
Cock-broth and warm Jellies you then must provide,
and many restorative Things beside,
As Oysters and Eggs, and good Clary and Sack,
all which are good Things for to help the Back.

And presently after pray put him to Bed,
and lay him soft Pillows beneath his Head;
Then after your Husband in Bed you have laid,
pray lay to his Belly some buxom young Maid;
I'll hold you a Wager, within a short Space,
that she shall bring forth this same Babe of Grace.

Then pray now observe, (that this may not be known)
tell round to your Neighbours, the child is your own;
Be sure that you follow this counsel, quoth he,
for quickly your Husband then eas'd will be:
The Woman the Doctor's Prescription did make,
and cur'd the poor Man of the Belly-ach.

The Damsel she fairly was well brought to Bed;
the Wife she was forc'd to lie down in her stead;
All Things did agree, as the Doctor did tell,
and every Thing fell out full well:
The Husband he was of his Burthen soon eas'd,
the Boy put to Nurse; and thus all were pleas'd.

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